

Dad had to go to another meeting that night, but this time he asked me if it would be all right. I told him I felt fine. So he went. Mom wanted me to go to bed at ten, but I pretended that I wasn't sleepy, and that I wanted to stay up another hour. She said okay, for this one time. Dad got home at eleven and came over to see me. He sat down beside me, and Mom came over, and she sat down, too. I was happy even though it had been a hard day. I guess I must have fallen asleep, there on the couch. That's all I remember.

Of Carol

by Robert Basile

I remember when I
used to make her smile

Remember?

Do you remember that?

When I would pick her up and
spin her around?

. . . and she would scold (*Oh, Bob!*)

but never quite hold back the smile

She was like a little kid, then.

I think I loved her.

"I like us," I used to say.

"I like us, too."